Unseen

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Sometimes Hannibal gets under Alana's skin.

NOTE: Whilst Margot and Alana are together in this fic, the sex scene is between Alana and Hannibal in a flashback.
This is a direct sequel to Seen. It is best to read Seen before this.

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: A good finger-wagging

Notes

Fifth Hannibal Bingo prompt fic
A good finger-wagging

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

Margot looked up as Alana came into the room, she'd opened the door with some force and dropped her bag heavily onto the counter.

"Bad day?" Margot asked. It happened. Alana's new job held a lot of responsibility and that came with inevitable levels of stress. But she rarely brought it home with her like this. Usually only when something really bad had happened. And even then, she wasn't able to tell Margot much about it - patient confidentiality extended to the nut house.

"Hannibal." Alana answered, shrugging off her jacket and dropping it on one of the barstools at the kitchen counter before heading to the fridge. She pulled out a bottle of wine they'd opened the night before and for a moment Margot was sure that Alana was just going to neck it from the bottle. But at the last moment, her usually prim and proper wife grabbed a glass from the rack.

All the same, she poured the wine so high that it glugged from the bottle.

"Ignore that asshole," was all Margot could offer, and it wasn't much. Easier said than done.

Their lives were so entwined, what with Hannibal helping with Mason and keeping the secret of how he really died. And especially with Alana taking the position at the BSHCI. They had wanted her because of how well she knew him, it was felt she could keep him in line, be the one to hold the choke lead. No one had cared that perhaps that left her compromised.

Margot had cared, she'd told Alana to turn the job down. Especially after everything that had happened to the last director of the hospital. But Alana had reminded her that Hannibal had the secret over them, and that was one of the many reasons she wanted to be the person holding the keys to all the doors between him and the outside world.

It seemed they were always destined to be fucked over by men. Hannibal fucking Lecter, and her dead fucking brother from beyond the grave.

Even so, this was the first time Alana had even mentioned him at home.

Margot had no doubt that the man drove her up the wall. She'd had enough therapy sessions with him to glimpse his manner, the way he was with people. A bit of a snob really, which was nothing new to Margot so hadn't riled her at the time. But now, she felt a constant anger in the pit of her stomach at Alana having to endure him day after day.

"Can you talk about it?" Margot asked gently, moving forward so that she stood next to Alana at the counter. She waited until Alana had drained half her glass and set it down before she rubbed her had soothingly against Alana's lower back.

Alana was considering, she knew. She was working out how much she was actually allowed to say. And usually that wasn't a lot. But Margot knew her wife, and could see how desperately she needed to get this out.

"What did the fucker do?"

That was enough to make Alana crumble and she slumped a little so that she rested against Margot.

"He's just… vile."

"Yes," Margot agreed, giving Alana the room to say whatever it was she wanted - needed - to say.

"He enjoys being crass, crude. To get under the skin. And usually, it's water off a duck's back to me. I can ignore him, usually, even when he gets personal. I hate that I can't *see* him. I can't be prepared for what he will say. It's… I thought I knew him before, and I was wrong. I paid the price for that."

Margot could feel that ball in her stomach growing, reaching up to her chest. She thought, after they killed Mason, that she could truly never wish another person dead. But Hannibal had proven that wrong.

Not found fit to stand trial and receive a death sentence, so he was to be their burden forever. Always a reminder of their crime, but also, always a reminder that he and Alana had been lovers.

Manipulation, they'd call it now. Looking back. They both knew him well enough to see that. He had used Alana. Maybe on some level he was truly fond of her, but that meant nothing, because it was the fondness of a master for their pet, not of equals.

“What did he say?” Margot asked, her voice breaking over the words as she wondered if she truly wanted to know.

“It was… It… He was crude.” Alana repeated and then turned to face her, seeking out Margot’s eyes until they were gazing at each other. Margot could see the desperate need there for something. Support? Gentleness? Forgiveness?

“It’s alright,” Margot encouraged, and that seemed to be enough. Alana practically collapsed into her arms, holding her tight, as close as possible. She wasn’t crying, she wasn’t breathing hard, she just needed to be held. Margot would wait.

After a few minutes, Alana finally spoke, the words quiet next to her ear.

“He talked about us, me and you. He noticed my wedding ring. I’m so stupid, I should have taken it off. It’s all just ammunition for him and I know that. I know better.”

Margot made soothing noises as she rubbed her hands up and down Alana’s back.

“If it wasn’t the ring it would be something else. He’s always going to try and get to you. You know that.” Margot tried not to sound like she was reprimanding her, not least because it was the same thing she’d said over and over when they’d argued about Alana taking the job.

Hannibal Lecter was always going to try and fuck with her. It was a game to him.

“He made a remark, about not inviting ex-lovers to the wedding and I bit back. I know I shouldn’t have.” Alana pulled away and Margot could see how angry she was at herself as she went back to the wine. She took another gulp and set it back down, leaning over the counter, her head bowed. “I know better. I should have ignored him, not replied at all. But instead I bit back, I… I told him I wouldn’t invite a cannibalistic serial killer, that he’s not a lover I boast about.”

Margot winced. She could imagine that those words made absolutely zero impact on Hannibal. Nothing more than words to twist and throw back.

Alana shook her head, and Margot knew how angry she was at herself.

“Hey, it’s ok. Whatever he said.”

“I just feel so stupid.”

“Don’t,” Margot insisted. “We always knew he’d be like this.”

Alana turned a hard gaze on her then, as though she wasn’t taking this seriously. “He said he wasn’t surprised that I was interested in woman, because of how enthusiastic I was about… his anatomy. As if I ever saw him like that.”

Margot blinked.

Alana might have her dark side, but she was ethical and it had pained her to tell Margot that Hannibal was trans. It wasn’t her place, she’d said, to out anyone. And normally, Margot would totally agree, even when it came to exes. But all social rules and ethics seemed to blur and bend around Hannibal. And given who had really turned out to be, Alana had wanted to tell her everything about their time together. No secrets. And that had included the fact that Hannibal was trans.

“He’s…” Margot had no words that she hadn’t already used, and that Alana didn’t already know. She could call him every name under the sun, but there was no point. In the end, Margot shrugged and simply said, “I don’t know what to tell you. I don’t think he’s ever going to be nominated as a positive role model for trans youth.”

Alana’s hard stare continued a moment longer, her mouth a thin line.

And then she laughed. She laughed so hard that her body shook and she held onto her sides, trying to stifle it so that she didn’t wake the baby.

Margot smiled. Sometimes you just had to look under the bed, or pull off the mask, whatever you could to take the power away from the bad guys.

*

After yesterday, Alana knew she should feel wary, but if anything she felt more prepared.

Margot’s words had disarmed Hannibal’s taunts and made them seem ridiculous. But more than that, they reminded her who was in charge. The comment on his gender, on her sexuality, had been a low blow. One that she had not been prepared for. But now that it was out there, she was prepared for more of the same should it come.

Hannibal was an animal. And animals in cages tried to bite. She knew that, and she was prepared for it all now.

She strode into the room, Hannibal chained as with every inspection. Though this one was unscheduled. If he felt that he could be cheeky and get away with it, she would rein that in.

“You've come to wag your finger?”

“I love a good finger-wagging.” It was intentional, the innuendo. Maybe he’d think she’d learned nothing from yesterday, but in fact he’d immediately given her the opportunity to show that he didn’t have the power over her that he thought he did.

“Yes you do,” He replied, immediately following up with, “How is Margot?”

It was all Alana could do not to smile. She had showed a chink in her armour yesterday, but that wouldn’t happen again.

She ignored him completely and continued with her reprimand, her threats, her reminder that she controlled whether or not he retained his dignity.

Before.

“Hannibal,” Alana gasped as his fingers found their way into her panties.

Their kissing had started as a comfort of sorts, and whilst Alana had imagined this might happen, had - admittedly - hoped it would, she had not expected things to move so quickly.

But now they were on his bed, her skirt hiked up around her waist and her shoes lost somewhere on the stairs.

She was already so embarrassingly close to climax. After all, this was something she had fantasised about before. When she was younger, he was her mentor, and everyone thought they were having an affair. She'd wanted him then, of course she had. And maybe a few times since. But the time for them was right now, and his fingers moving inside her were almost enough to make her come.

"Wait," she warned, wanting to push him away but failing to even try. "If you don't want me to come before you fuck me, then you'd better stop."

His mouth turned up into a devilish smirk at her uncharacteristic vulgarity, but he didn't stop.

"If you want my cock, Alana, you had better select which one."

She frowned, the words making absolutely no sense to her, not least because he was still moving his fingers, scissoring them inside her and grazing her g-spot. It felt amazing, and maybe this was all she needed, maybe that was what he meant. She could always suck him off after, if that was what he preferred.

The thought had her mouth watering.

He lowered his mouth to her clit and pressed his tongue against it, before closing his lips to add suction. Then it was all over. He thrust his fingers in and out of her as she clenched around him, coming so hard that her body was shaking and it took all her control not to crush him between her thighs.

When the shaking subsided to a tremble, and her clit stopped throbbing against his tongue, Hannibal drew back, leaving her panting for breath.

"Oh my god," she finally managed to mumble. "Let me," She reached forward, still drunk on her climax, but Hannibal pushed her hands away before she could get to his belt.

She frowned. She didn't mind reciprocating, and in all honesty, she still felt the strong desire to get fucked. But if he wasn't comfortable with it then she would of course drop it. Maybe he'd had too much to drink? Either way, they didn't have to do everything right this moment.

Or so she thought, but then Hannibal began to unbuckle his belt. He was looking down at her from where he now knelt on the bed. There was amusement dancing in his eyes, like he knew a secret, or a joke. It wasn't a feeling that Alana enjoyed, but before she could say anything he had shucked his pants down to his thighs and was palming his underwear.

Alana swallowed, opening her legs to him, making it clear that she was still very much up for penetration.

When her eyes went to his crotch, Hannibal began to peel down his underwear, revealing a sizeable but flaccid cock that it took her a moment to realise was fake.

He removed it from his underwear, hefting it between them, rubbing it over her wet sex.

"As I said, you can select which you'd prefer. I have quite a collection." He nodded towards the bedside drawers but Alana couldn't draw her gaze away from him.

The packer now removed, she could see that, between amply haired thighs, his own natural cock was jutting out, throbbing between his labia.

“I didn’t know… I’ve never been with a trans guy before,” she muttered the words, unsure of what to say, not wanting to make him uncomfortable. This was a hell of a way to come out to someone. She’d been with a trans woman once, in college, but she had been very up front before they’d gone on a date. Alana had considered herself bisexual for as long as she was old enough to understand sexuality, and attraction for her was rooted in the person, their connection, not what genitalia they did or didn’t have.

“I wouldn’t have expected you to know. I believe that what’s between my legs is only the business of myself and my lover.”

Lover. She liked that word. Maybe she liked Hannibal as something more than a lover, but it was a start, and when it came to Hannibal it sounded so thrilling.

“And… between your legs…”

“My cock,” Hannibal supplied, and Alana felt her face heat, the flush from her chest up to her ears burning her skin. There was something altogether titillating about Hannibal being vulgar.

“Your cock…” She agreed, “Do you use it? Instead of… whatever is in the drawer?”

“Would you like that?” Hannibal asked, though he was already moving forward, settling between her legs, his mouth hovering above hers, still wet.

“Yeah…” Alana breathed out the word, circling her arms around Hannibal’s neck and pulling him into a kiss. She tasted herself on his tongue as he settled against her, their groins pressed together. Her damp panties between them, Hannibal slipped a hand between them and pulled the panties to one side once more, so that he could rub his cock over her clit.

The sensation had her groaning into the kiss, and she was sure she would come again in short order. Something proved true, when Hannibal tugged until her panties tore, and then slid his cock down to rub over and into her wet sex.

Hannibal swallowed her moan as she came again, in a hazy daze of pleasure as Hannibal continued to rut against her, biting at her lips, and pressing their foreheads together until he came with a cry and squirted between them.

“Mmm,” Hannibal hummed his pleasure as he came down from his own high, kissing Alana again before he rolled off and lay beside her. They were both panting, wet, dishevelled, and Alana hadn’t felt so good in a very long time.

“Stay the night?” Hannibal asked.

Alana didn’t even consider saying no. Her chest warmed by the fact that Hannibal had let her see him. Really see him.

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